Numb. 84.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Friday** November 26th. to **Wednesday** December 1ſt. 1708.

Q. *IN the laſt Chapter of the 2d Book of* Samuel, *it is ſaid*, The Lord was wroth with David for Numbring the People, wherefore he ſent a Peſtilence amongſt them, ſo that there died of the People 70000. *Whether you think they were not happy ſince they died not for their own Sins, but for* David's *Imprudence.*

A. The Deſtruction of thoſe 70000, it was a Puniſhment to *David*, but no other than a Misfortune to thoſe Unfortunate Perſons. But whether they were Happy or Unhappy after their Deceaſe, the Determination depends upon the Nature of their Actions. For They, who died in a State of Impenitence, were Undoubtedly Unhappy, not for *David*'s Sin, but their Own Tranſgreſſions. For both Parts of the Preceeding Aſſertion, namely, that the Impenitent were Unhappy, and that their Unhappineſs proceeded from their Own Proper Sins, they are Both included in that ſingle Sentence; *the Soul that ſinneth, That ſhall dye.*

Q. *Gentlemen, Having had my Education at one of our Univerſities, in order to qualifie my ſelf for the Gown, which Qualifications I have attain'd; and am now return'd from thence, and find leſs Inclination to be a Divine than before; partly, becauſe it is ſo difficult for a young Man to gain Preferment, the Church having too many Votaries of that Kind; and partly, becauſe ſome of my near Friends, being of a Contrary Perſwaſion, have ſpoke againſt it, which is ſome Diſcouragement to me: Now I have no Eſtate to live on, ſo deſire your Direction what Buſineſs I had beſt betake my ſelf to, ſuitable to my Education, that I may no longer live Idle, which I have too long done, and therefore you will condemn me for it. By thus doing you will oblige your Admirer* Anonymous.

A. As you were to blame in having Laviſht away too much of your Precious time in an Unfruitful Idleneſs, ſo you are Now to be Equally Commended, in that you ſeem willing (and we hope, that you more than *ſeem* ſo) to Retrieve your Indiſcreet Proceedure by your Future Induſtry. For one of ſo Liberal an Education cannot but reflect, that as Idleneſs is a Shameful Sin, was one of the Sins of a very Wicked *Sodom*, ſo it makes it's Votary an Anomalous part of the Creation, and upbraids him with a Degeneracy, that is intirely *Singular*. The Earth, that is *Below* us, is not Barren and Unfruitful; but prepareth the Seed committed to her care, yieldeth a plentiful encreaſe, and *bringeth forth Fruit in due ſeaſon.* The Air, that is *About* us, is Buſily employ'd in a Conſtant Activity, and *Never continueth in one ſtay.* The Heavens, that are *Above* us, perform their Daily Offices; *the Moon is Appointed for certain Seaſons, the Stars continue in their Courſes, and the Sun knoweth his Going down.* The Angels (thoſe Superior Beings) are ever upon the Wing to Diſcharge their Reſpective Functions: For *are they not All Miniſtring Spirits, ſent forth to Miniſter for them, who ſhall be Heirs of Salvation?* The Son of God, when *made like unto his Brethren*, was an Utter Stranger to Unactive Idleneſs; for *he went about doing good.* And in his Labours he did but Imitate his Heavenly Father; *my Father Worketh hitherto, and I work.* Ungenerous ſure muſt be the Man, who can Bear with thoſe upbraiding words, *why ſtand ye here all the day Idle?* Who can Bear with ſo Sarcaſtical a Reproof, when, if he looks Down upon the Earth, Diligence is There; if he looks Up to Heaven, it is There alſo.

If the Gown was the Intention of your Studies, why wou'd you recede from ſo Worthy a Deſign? But ſome of your Near Friends have ſpoke againſt it. What, tho' they have? Shou'd the Miniſters of the Goſpel be what the Religion, which they Preach, was once once reputed; be a Profeſſion *every where ſpoken againſt*, yet You, if a Retainer to the Gown, might yet Comfort your ſelf, nay, might Glory, in the Intrinſick Dignity of your Office, in that you were Commiſſion'd from Above, were Chriſt's Embaſſador, were the Herald of the Almighty, were the Meſſenger of the Lord of Hoſts. But thanks be to God, our great Maſter is not Univerſally Undervalued in his Miniſters: There are Many, very Many in the World, who are not Willing to forget thoſe Memorable words of His to his Diſciples, *He, that Deſpiſeth You, Deſpiſeth Him, that ſent you.* But ſince thoſe Friends of Yours, who ſpeak againſt ſo honourable a Function, are of a Different Perſwaſion, we wonder, that the ſlightings of an Enemy ſhou'd make any Impreſſion upon one of an Univerſity-Education.

You ſay, it is Difficult to gain Preferment in the Church. Is it ſo Eaſy then to obtain it Elſewhere? Alas! One wou'd be apt to ſuſpect, that you were Relapſing into your Former Idleneſs, and were

Desirous that Preferment shou'd drop into your Mouth. We must therefore acquaint you, that Preferment is not to be expected in Any State of Life, without a Laborious Application, without the Sweat of your Brow. Nor is Preferment, Moderate Preferment in the Church so Difficult to be had (as You may perhaps Imagin) to one, who Mispent not his time, at the University, to one fitly qualified.

But You are perhaps Ambitious of some Considerable Preferment, of Rising all at once. But sure to Towring an Ambition is not suitable to that Holy Function, to that Divine Employment. Level therefore your Aspiring Mind; Imitate your Humble Master (for he was *Meek and Lowly*) be Content at Present with Moderate Preferment: And let an Holy, an Unblemisht Life, a Diligent, a Constant Application, to your Proper Studies; a Faithful, a Conscientious Discharge of so Sacred an Office; let These be your Advocates for a more Considerable Advancement.

Q. *You will very much Oblige your Admirer by giveing your Reasons (when time shall permit) why Distracted Persons have that great strength, when deprived of their Senses, more than at any other time. Yours, &c.*

A. Two Reasons may be Given, which frequently Concur to the Production of this seemingly Strange Phænomenon.

1. The Greater or Less Vigor of the Body proceedes, as from other Causes, so also from the Greater or less quantity of the Animal Spirits Contain'd in the Nerves. And it is an acknowledg'd Truth, that Madness frequently derives it's Original from the Predominance of the said Spirits.

2. It is a common Observation, that Many Persons are Ignorant of their own Strength for want of Will and Inclination to Exert it. And what is Observ'd of Many in one sense, is Applicable to All (who are not Phrenetical) in Another. For Madmen are hurried on with a more Intense Inclination and Eagerness to what they are about, than Sedater Persons are capable of. And as they frequently abound with more Spirits to supply the Nerves, so the foresaid Eagerness makes a larger quantity of them to flow out of the Containing Vessels into the Relaxing Nerves.

Hence it is, that Persons in a Fright are often observ'd to Perform wonders. For their Eagerness of Desire either to defend themselves from Approaching Evils, or Rescue themselves from Surrounding Dangers, makes them Exert their Vigor in a more than Usual manner. And as the Frights they are in, puts the whole mass of blood into an Uncommon ferment, so it Consequently generates a greater quantity of Spirits. And the same may be Proportionably said of a Person under the prevailing Violence of Passion. But when the Fright or Passion we are in does not Ferment, but Congeal the blood (as they often do) they do not Encrease but Destroy the Spirits; whence Consequently our Customary Vigor immediately abates, and we are utterly Incapable of performing any thing. And therefore Persons under such Circumstances have seem'd as it were to be Metamorphos'd into Statues.

Q. Apollo, *Pray, of what use is* Latin *to a Tradesman. Is not the Publick Gull'd by the* Latin *Masters, that entice People to let them take Leases of their Children for 7 Years, only to learn one Language? Is not Writing and Accompts, and all other Arts and Sciences more profitable? Answer this impartially, as you are Men of Honesty, and don't flatter the* Latin *Teachers, tho' many of them are Priests, and tho' some of you are such.*

A. An Acquaintance with the *Latin* Tongue, is doubtless absolutely necessary to Tradesmen, and all others, that would attain to a true Understanding of the *English* Tongue. And the Best Fortune a Parent can give a Child is that Seven Years Education, you so inconsiderately despise. Nor is your writing or any other Art or Science compleat without it.

Q. Apollo, *tell me, the reason of the saying, when they eat cold Pudding it is to settle their Love, and you will Oblige* Celinda.

A. As it is the Nature of Stimulatives, such as your Spicy Liquors and other Aromatick Dainties to comfort the Stomach, to add Spirits to the Blood, and create wanton Imaginations, so it is natural in Cold Pudding to lye heavy upon the Stomach, and to be uneasily digested, and thereby rather blunting than provoking the Venereal Appetite, and keeping the Fancy within Bounds.

Q. *Gentlemen, For what Reason is the Bone next the Breast of a Fowl,* &c. *Called the Merry-thought. And when was it first Called so.*

A. The Original of that Name was doubtless from the Pleasant Fancies, that commonly arise upon the Breaking of that Bone, and 'twas then certainly first call'd so, when those merry Notions were first started.

Q. *Goot Shentlemen, Hur has just laft hur father hur mothar hur Wife and hur tree Chiles in* Shropshire *to come fetch an anser, for ye are mightily bespoken of here for your Wit, methinks I Can see you Whoop and Dance for joy. But pray Be not soe proud for I shall teake ye Down anon. Pray tell me Why We Breave Brittens Do lose Goot Red Herring and toasted Sheece Beter than Te Iundnars. Pray let me here quickly for I am in Greet hest, Your Coffen Taffy Liven When hur is at home at the Sine of the Goat in Kixam Root.*

A. Pless us awl, is Hur Coffen Taffy, ap Thomas, ap Rice, ap Shinking, ap, *&c.* Come to Town, and lesten Hur Pig Farm and Hur Geeses and Hur Sheeses, and all the British Shentlemen Hur Coffens, to teake the Goot advizes and Councils of *Apollo*: We will give Hur Satisfaction then to Hur Doubts and Hur Longuins. You Prave Prittains lose goot Red Herrings, because they meake rellish, your Nappy Bowze; and Toasted Sheese, because it ingenders Chollers, that is the Rezon Hur Bloods and Hur Passions are so ready to rize, In loud Tawkings and Poemings, if Hur is affronted. If Hur can find Petter Rezons, Hur may meoke use of them for Hur Petter Satisfactions.

Q. *Gentlemen, When a Person is displeased and looks surley, It's a Common Saying, that such a Person looks as the De'il lookt o'er* Lincoln. *Pray resolve in your next, from whence, and how long in Use, this saying has been, in which you will Oblige Your,* &c.

A. Answer'd in *Numb.* 43.

Note, On Monday next, our Monthly Paper comes out, treating on great Variety of Subjects.

POEMS.

Q. *Since ye are such Dabsters at Translation, I wou'd desire you to give a stroke to the Underwritten Distich, with an Account of it's Original:*

Vervex cum Puero, Puer Alter, Sponsa, Maritus,
Cultello, Lympha, Fune, Dolore, Cadit.

A. Some think, that the Compendious Distich was compos'd by a School-boy of the *Chautre-House*. But we are apt to think this to be a mistake occasi-

on'd

on'd by that famous Monoſtich, *Lympha Pudica*, &c. which is ſaid to owe it's Original to one of that School.

The Vulgar Account is, that the Devil, under the Appearance of an Humane Shape, upon a Contract with one of *Eaton* School, compos'd the Diſtich for him. But tho' we cannot rely upon the Relation, yet as ſome Truth may be often found among Mingled Forgeries, ſo this may lead us to a no Improbable Conjecture, that an *Eaton* Lad was the Author of the Verſes. The Tranſlation you may have as follows:

Wether with Boy, t'other Boy, Spouſe, her Mate,
To Knife, Water, Rope, Grief, Reſign their Fate.

Q. Strephon, *alas! Unhappy Swain,*
For Me he feels the Cruel Pain:
A fire glows in e'ry part,
And Love Inflames the Shepherds heart:
Sad cares Oppreſs his Lab'ring Soul,
His Paſſions all his thoughts Controul.
Oft at my feet he proſtrate lies,
Tears flowing from his tender Eyes,
But Oh! I cannot Sympathize.
I look, I view, but ſtill am more
Averſe to love, than was before.
Then, then he tunes his Warbling Lyre,
His Numbers ſuch as love Inſpire,
Numbers ſoft as is his Fire.
Pleas'd with the Sound, the Neighb'ring Hills,
The Plains with grateful Eccho fills:
The roaring Winds forbear to blow,
And rowling Waves forget to flow:
The Savage Beaſts ne'er eag'rer run,
When Orpheus *had his Song begun:*
But deaf to all I cannot hear,
The Rocks as ſoon can lend an Ear
To Naked Marriners, that be
Left to the Mercy of the Sea.
Yet fain I would redreſs the pain,
I ſtrive, I ſtrive, but all in vain.
The powers of Love with all their art
Can't ſoften my obdurate heart.
Now, Sacred Bards, ye Wits Divine,
Diſplay in ſome Harmonious Line,
Is it a Curſe entail'd on me,
That I feel this Stupidity.?
Or is't a Bleſſing from above,
That I am thus Averſe to love?
Inſenſible of it I ſtill remain,
And treat the kindeſt with the Cold'ſt Diſdain.

Dorinda.

A. No Bleſſing ſure, nor yet a Curſe,
Does render you to *LOVE* averſe:
The Cauſe that this Indiff'rence brings,
From frigid Conſtitutions Springs;
And tho' your Chilly Veins require
Strong Motives for an Am'rous Fire:
Yet *Pity*'s in your Lines deſcry'd,
And *Love* to *Pity*'s near ally'd;
Tis That alone, that makes you *ſtrive*
To let your Dying *Strephon* live;
Tis Thence you praiſe His warbling Lyre,
Tis That which did you thus Inſpire:
Then Reconciling Methods take,
Let *Pity* Mediation make:
Let That your Willing Breaſt alarm,
Let That your Fickle Fancy charm:
So ſhall the Conſtant *Strephon* Happy prove,
Fed with the Joys of Fair *Dorinda*'s Love.

Q. Apollo, *a Queſtion or two, I have ſent ye,*
Whilſt others have troubled your Godſhip with twenty,
Therefore I expect you'll return me an Anſwer
To a third, which I now am about to Advance, Sir.
It concerneth not matters of Church or of State,
Or of Law, or what Pedants ſo awkardly prate;
But to come to the Buſ'neſs in hand, 'tis a Topick
Of weighty Importance in Things Philoſophick.
The Occaſion, a doughty Diſpute, if Stones grow,
Tho' not quite ſo faſt, as green Cabbages do,
PRO. *ſtoutly affirm'd it; but* CON. *he deny'd it,*
And arguing thus did think to decide it.
" *If it be as you ſay, then I much do admire,*
" *That yonder old Caſtle is yet got no higher.*
Alas! anſwer'd PRO, *if that's all the doubt,*
The Affirmative eaſily may be made out.
" *Don't you ſee thoſe Jack-Daws on the Top always (ſetting,*
" *Who as faſt as it grows keep it down by their Peck- (ing,*
" *Or in ſo long a ſeries of Years, for a certain,*
" *The Clouds had been but a low* Void *for't to ſet in.*
Now we, Apollo, *your bright ſhrine*
Approach with awful Reverence,
And ask your Worſhip to untwine
Theſe Strings, of ſuch deep Nervous Senſe,
And let us know, which of the two
Tough Diſputants did reaſon true.

A. All Things whatſoever as certainly Grow,
(Tho' ſome not ſo faſt) as Green Cabbages do;
And Nature as ſure *Circulation* maintains,
As the *Maggots* which *Courſe Round* (each Moment)
(your Brains
Yet CON's wile *Negation*, for nothing will paſs,
And Affirmative *PRO* is no leſſer an Aſs.
For yonder *Old Caſtle* increaſes no more,
Than yonder *Tall Penis* newly Launch'd from the
(ſhore.
The Reaſon of both is, becauſe from the Ground
They are took, where their Juices Nutritious, they
(found.
But as for Sir *PRO*, He is quite in the wrong,
No Shadow of Senſe, to his Reaſons belong;
The *Daw's Dung* far more, then they *Peck* on the
(Spire,
Which ſhews that the *Caſtle* ſhou'd rather grow
(higher.

Thus

Thus your fine *Topick-Mongers*, whilſt they keep all
(this Clatter,
Tho' they ſhew their *Bright Thoughts*, yet they
(Miſs of the Matter.

That Stones *Decay* each Day 'tis plain,
If they didn't *Grow* too, from their Prime,
There wou'd not one poor Stone Remain,
To throw at any Dog in time.

Thus *PRO* does prove the doughty Wight,
Who by *ſtrong Reaſon's* in the *Right*.

Whereas a great Overſight happen'd at the Preſs in laſt *Friday's* Paper, in the laſt Copy of Verſes. Read in the Title *An* ODE, *occaſion'd*, &c. Laſt Line of the 2d Stan. inſtead of *Idulge*, read *Indulge*. Inſtead of the laſt four Lines in the 3d Stan. read

To their *Triumphant Swords* we'll bind
Sure *Victory*, which ſhall
As oft befall,
As Enemies they find;
Heaven's ſaid, &c.

SIR,

THE Advices from the Duke of Marlborough's Camp at Bierleghem Decem. 3d are, that His Grace marched with his Army the 1st Inſtant from about Alſt and encamp'd with his Left near that place, and the Right near Audenarde. That Lieutenant General Dedem with 20 Batalions has paſſed the Scheld at Audenarde, and is encamped on the other ſide of that River; And that Lieutenant General Hompech with 36 Squadrons and 18 Batalions is Encamp'd at Menin; by which Diſpoſitions they ho'd a Communication with Lille: From whence there is an account, that during Prince Eugene's abſence the Beſiegers have lodg'd themſelves on the ſecond Counterſcarp of the Citadel, and that on the firſt Inſtant Batteries had begun to be raiſed on that Counterſcarp, which as ſoon as finiſhed, Prince Eugene deſigns to ſummon the Mareſchal de Bouffliers to ſurrender; and that he has already been inform'd of our paſſing the Scheld, and of the Elector of Bavaria's being obliged to Raiſe the Siege of Bruſſels. That Major General Pallant, Governor of Aeth, ſurpriz'd St. Guiſlain with a Detachment between Mons and Conde, which has ſince been retaken by the Enemy by Capitulation; according to which, Our Men are to be conducted to Mons till they are exchanged, and are to keep their Equipages, and ſuch of the Enemy who were taken in the ſaid place, and cou'd not be ſent away, are likewiſe to continue Priſoners of War. That Lieutenant General Dompre was ſent with a ſtrong Detachment to the Relief of St. Guiſlain, but hearing in his way of it's ſurrender halted at Attre, whereupon he is ordered to aſſiſt in bringing from Aeth to Audenarde a great Convoy of Ammunition and Stores deſign'd for Lille. That upon our paſſing the Scheld has put the Enemy into an unſpeakable Conſternation, and that part of their Troops are retir'd to Valenciennes. That the 2d of this Inſtant was appointed by my Lord Duke, for returning ſolemn thanks to Almighty God for their happy paſſage of the Scheld, and the relief of Bruſſels, which was religiouſly obſerved through the whole Army. The Letters from the Hague, Decem. 4. give an account, that they hear from Rome, the Marquis de Prie has had Audience of the Pope, which laſted above 3 hours, and that 'tis thought there will be an Accommodation between the Emperor and his Holineſs. That the Duke of Berwick is gone to Strasburg to endeavour to make a Diverſion on that ſide, upon which account he has ſummon'd 5000 Pioneers in the three Biſhopricks. The Letters from Milan, adviſe that Ferrara is block'd up; That Bologna has ſubmitted to the Emperor, and that Count Thaun has ſent a Detachment towards Faenza.

They write from Briſtol Novem. 24. that yeſterday arrived there the Freek Gally from Leghorn, but laſt from Gibralter, the Maſter whereof reports that Denia was taken, and that the Garriſon retir'd into the Caſtle. Which concludes all from Yours, &c.

The Number of our Subſcribers ſo greatly increaſing, and by Conſequence the Number of Queſtions ſent us, that we cannot poſſibly give a General Satisfaction within the Compaſs of our Paper, we deſign a Quarterly Book of 3 Sheets in a Small Character, in which we will give Anſwers to all worthy thereof, which we could not get into our other Papers; we have no doubt but this will be acceptable, ſince it will not raiſe the Yearly Charge to that of the moſt vulgar News Papers, altho' a whole Sheet and upon fine Paper, beſides we do oblige none to take it, but ſuch as deſire it. The firſt is preparing for thoſe Queſtions upon our Hands.

Any Perſons upon Directing their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to Mr. *Carter* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, Mr. *Bickerton* at the *Roſe and Crown* in *Little Britain* Bookſellers, or to the Printer hereof, may have this Paper brought to their Houſes (in the City or Suburbs) at 2*s.* *per* Quarter, and the Monthly Papers at 6*d.* *per* Quarter more. Thoſe who come within the Quarter, to have proportionable Deductions at the End. Alſo Books of Guards Sets may be had in directing as above, from the Beginning.

Note, We deſire no more Letters may be ſent to Mr. *Keble*, in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and that they who took Papers of him would direct their Letters to Mr. *Mayo's*, and our Servants ſhall bring them.

Note. That they who live in the Country may appoint a Friend in Town to take them in for them, or order ſome Inn-Keeper to pay for them Quarterly. For we cannot depend on the Payment of Carriers, ſince they come not in on thoſe hours as our Servants can meet with them in their Walks.

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